



KOOTENAI BROWN



ADVENTURER - - - PIONEER - - - PLAINSMAN
PARK WARDEN
and

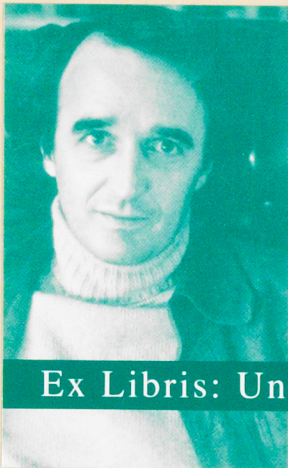
WATERTON LAKES NATIONAL PARK

by
CHIEF MOUNTAIN

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Education is the progressive discovery of our own ignorance.

—Will Durant

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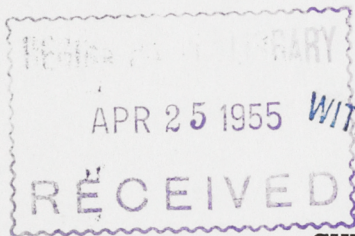
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CHIEF MOUNTAIN

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TO

SOPHIE - (Amoniasaki)

and

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Longmans, Green & Company; Robert W. Gard; W. McTait; Mary Dover; W. Rodney; Malcolm D. Paterson; J. McCook; Magistrate Arthur Harwood, and to the late Ernie Haug, who gave me the privilege of reading from his own personal files concerning Kootenai, with whom he was a personal friend of many years. Further, to Mr. J. H. Atkinson, Superintendent, Waterton Park; Mr. J. W. Emmert, Superintendent of Glacier Park; M. E. Beatty, of The Glacier Natural History Association Inc., for their active co-operation. Also, J. R. B. Coleman, for authentic historical corrections; and to Frances M. Harvie, who spent many hours in tracing the origin, beginning and ending of this incomplete narrative.

SYNOD OF THE DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND

TRINITY HALL

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Foreword

It is with the greatest possible pleasure that I accede to the request of my old friend and fellow-worker, Archdeacon Middleton, to write a brief foreword to this book. No one is better qualified than he to write about Kootenai Brown and Waterton Park, because for approximately the last forty years that name and his have been almost synonymous.

I so well remember my first visit there with him in April, 1927, two months after I began my work as Bishop of Calgary. It was, of course, an old story then to him, as he had been holding services there since 1910; but it was a very new and thrilling adventure for me. There were no good roads then. We went by a devious route, but we arrived, and from that day to this, my interest in the work there has never waned.

I vividly remember, also, on a subsequent trip, our visit together to see Mr. Hill, the President of the Great Northern Railway, to solicit his help for our new Church. I remember the building, and the opening of that Church; and the building and the opening of the Great Northern Hotel—the Prince of Wales—and a great deal of the early development of the Park, together with the dedication of the Kootenai Brown Memorial Cairn in 1936.

It is one of the beauty spots of the Canadian West; and I hope this book, by the man who has done so much to plan and stimulate our Church work there, will be widely read. It will serve as an additional memoir of the great work he has done in Southern Alberta for nearly half a century.

(Signed) L. Ralph Sherman,

Lord Archbishop of Rupert's Land.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

PREFACE

Through the years, I have entered Waterton Lakes National Park by fording the river on saddle horse, buggy, democrat, four-horse team and wagon, before the era of bridges. I have shovelled my way through tons of snow, and been pulled in by tractor. Have driven a model T Ford, a high-powered Lincoln car, and landed by plane.

Within the Park precincts, it has been a distinguished privilege to entertain Cowboys, Homesteaders, Boy Scouts, Cadets, Girl Guides, Journalists, Naturalists and Editors; Men of Commerce and Big Business, Statesmen, Indian Chiefs, Bishops and Archbishops, Lieutenant-Governors and Governors-General. All have expressed their delight at the beautiful setting of the Park, and all have asked for a book of tangible information covering its natural grandeur. I could write reams about the courage and vision of the early pioneers (as I have about Kootenai Brown) although most of them are still too near and personal.

The following details are imperfect, cursory, and do not tell the whole story. I knew Kootenai at his best, when he wisely discussed intellectual subjects. I also knew him when he was at his worst—yet, least said, the soonest mended.

The several chapters have been compiled between the late and early hours of eleven p.m., and three a.m., over a course of many moons. The hectic, rushing and dominating life of a Residential School leaves few moments for leisure, meditation or contemplation.

The Author.

The Lethbridge Herald

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA

22nd April, 1953

Canon S. Middleton,
Fort Macleod, Alberta.

Dear Canon:

I am enclosing your excellent biographic study of "Kootenai" Brown. I like it but I hate to see a colorful character "debunked" so to speak, although I suppose it has to be done. And I fear, "Kootenai" will still come in for the full treatment at the hands of imaginative writers seeking a story that will stir the blood.

Your manuscript reads well, is interesting as well as factual. You mention the legendary "Kootenai" for the real man and that had to be done, and you were the one to do it. You have done a good job, Canon, and I cannot find any fault with it. As a book intended for general sale, especially aimed at the tourists, a couple of paragraphs on the "Wonderful Waterton" itself stressing the Peace Park tieup might be given consideration. It might round out your story.

You saw what I wrote on your "Indian Chiefs" book. I hope it goes over well. It merits it.

Sincerely,

CFS/GED
Encl.

(Sgd) FRANK STEELE,
News Editor.

CHAPTER ONE

LEGENDS AND FOLKLORE

The origin of Waterton Lakes National Park began in legend and mystery, when the Indians laid claim to the region from their supernatural Deities.

It harks back to a time when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. Yellow Bull, a renowned warrior of the Blood Tribe, whose graphic portrait by a New York artist, now adorns my library, once told me that he and Head Chief Crop Eared Wolf, when in the prime of their youth, travelled through the "Paktomuksikimi" (Inside Lakes), Waterton Lakes country, and pitched camp where Inokyimatsis okyi (oil) was gushing forth from the mountain side (later known as "Oil City").

The pines, peaks, valleys and streams of Waterton held classic mythology in awe, as told and expounded by the Indians in their romantic stories of the long ago.

"Napiu" of legendary duality—"Old Man" and "Apistotskiwa." As "Old Man"—he confuses truth with fiction; is malicious, selfish and weak, and is a contradiction of wisdom and foolishness. He is nature's child, and victim of human frailties. His faculty of talking with animals leads to many interesting episodes. "Old Man" is portrayed by some as a beneficial power, working for their benefit; but to others he is a grotesque butt of farcial humour and innocuous witticism.

"Napiu-Apistotskiwa" — the Creator — receives power from the Sun. He creates the Universe—and gives light, heat and power. Great reverence is paid him by all his Lodge devotees. He bequeathed the Sun-Dance as a priceless heritage.

"Kutuyis"—a lesser deity and a Blood creation, is to the Blackfeet what Robin Hood was to the Anglo-Saxon. He was ever-alert to despoil the rich and give to the poor.

"Cold Maker"—with evil intent, scorned the weak, and laughed with delight at the storms he fostered.

"Underneath Water Person"—is an elf of wisdom, by disturbing the waters wherein he dwells.

"Thunder Pipe"—is bad. He revels in the high peaks. Chief Mountain is his abiding place. He roars; he strikes; rocks fall to pieces, and trees are broken to slivers. He is powerful and cannot be resisted. When he first speaks in the late spring, medicine bags are hastily exposed; prayers are uttered in deep solemnity hoping thereby to appease his wrathful anger.

"Iniskim"—the "Buffalo Stone"—whispers sweet words of encouragement to the faint-hearted.

"Ancient Buffalo"—is rich with vision, wisdom and mysticism.

"Morning Star" — the sacrificial guide of Scarface, haunts the celestial regions of his parents, the Sun and Moon.

Supernatural attributes and magical power were ascribed to many animals and things inanimate. Individual acts were influenced largely by dreams, and each Indian had his personal "Sa-am-si" or "nin-na", an animal or an object through which he warded off the ill-will of the spirit world, and sought the aid of magic powers. Their mythology of the mountainous areas is a contradiction of terms.

Many of the Indian old timers have often related to me that their ancestors feared the mountains, as being the habitat of that sagacious animal, the bear.

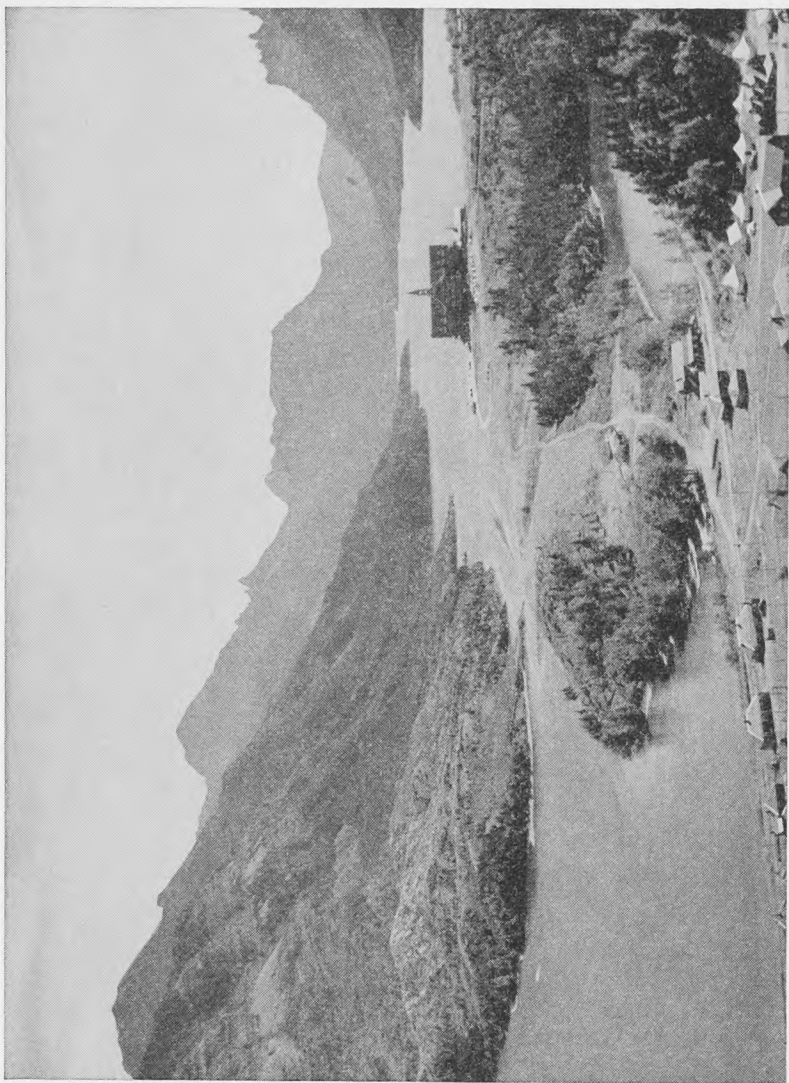
The lofty peaks; the gloom of the forests; the roar of waterfalls; and the shriek of winds in storm-swept defiles, were believed to be the expression of a malignant force, whom it was the part of wisdom to avoid by remaining on the plains.

Those plains they loved—whose wide vistas could conceal no lurking enemy, supernatural or otherwise.

Others gave credence that the Bloods and Blackfeet went on many excursions into that matchless hunting ground where elk pastured in the high flower-starred valleys; and mountain sheep and goats perched on dizzy ledges, offering a delicate target for their arrows.

Even in this sophisticated era, when the majority have a veneer of white civilization, there are many who still cling to the ancient customs, characteristic and tribal, by pitching their smoke stained and painted teepees, during the "green grass" and "berries-ripe" moons in the unspoiled valleys of the mountains, as was the custom of their forbears in the days of untrammelled freedom. Visitors and friends are entertained around evening campfires, with old ceremonial songs and dances; and the tribal elders tell, in picturesque pantomime and gesture, of the sign language, stories of their youthful exploits in battle and on the hunt; while the women busy themselves with the drying of beef and sarvis berries for the winter supply of pemmican, and the slow tedious work of making and adorning moccasins and other apparel, as Indian women have done since the beginning.

Yes, Waterton is rich with the Romance, Beauty and History of the Indians of long ago. Such was the appeal to Kootenai Brown in the 1860's.



WATERTON LAKES NATIONAL PARK

CHAPTER TWO

BACKGROUND OF NATURAL BEAUTY

The townsite of Waterton is situated on a large level stretch of ground surrounded by the ever-beautiful pines which fringe the shores of Emerald Bay on the north; the Upper Waterton Lakes on the east; Cameron Bay on the south, and on the west by Cameron Creek Canyon and the very well known and attractive Cameron Falls.

Waterton Lakes consists of three large bodies of water; the Upper or No. 1—being some eight miles in length, and an International lake, the southern part of it entering into Glacier Park, Montana; No. 2—some four miles in length, and No. 3—1½ miles in length. From the shores of these lakes no fewer than ten different mountains, ranging in altitude from 7,500 to 10,400 feet, rise perpendicularly, covered on the lower slopes with their growth of virgin forests, and the upper parts sheer rock precipices, thousands of feet in height. A more rugged or picturesque group of mountains in one locality, it is almost impossible to find anywhere.

The scenery in the vicinity of Waterton Lakes and the townsite is one that can never be forgotten, and compares with the finest on the continent. As a prominent Western tourist commissioner, a man who has travelled and visited every Park and scenic spot in all the Western States and Canada, stated to the press a short time ago—"Waterton Lakes is the gem of them all."

In August, 1874, Captain James F. Gregory, while with the Northern Boundary Survey, visited the Waterton Lakes of today, and made his pioneer navigation experiment. He duly reported:

"A position which afforded us all a comprehensive view of a lake and mountain scenery, and which for picturesque beauty and grandeur, is probably not excelled . . . if equalled—by any on the continent."

When you arrive at Waterton Lakes Park, don't wear out the sidewalks by pacing up and down. Literally, the wide open townsite, humming with human activity, is simply the doorway to entrancing vistas of frozen masses of snow, cragged precipices, beautiful calm and mirrored lakes, miles of evergreen ridges sombre in twilight, and blazing with purple at noon; sprawling glaciers, spectral cascading waterfalls, each curtained by the atmosphere of clinging indigo, a verdure of shining blue, an arctic stillness of icy consistency, and the desolation of wind-swept locks. Into these defiles of charm and beauty, interest and soliloquy—"go beyond the ranges," and there you will find, not the jazz and raucous grind of canned music, but the solemnity of nature, the eerie whispering of pines and symphonies attuned to classic grandeur. Come with me to a spot just south of Hell Roaring Canyon, where the skyline depicts the ancient playground of "Au-tut-so-ki" and "Ksis-tai-kuming." Gigantic crystals sparkle here and there—and in places the mountain tops seem to be afire. A feathery stream of cloud causes the mist on some distant peak. The Rock of Ages—piled on the sides of yawning canyons; while somewhat below, the sublimity of the gaunt crags appear to overhang the timber and brush. When you see this, the face lights up with unearthly radiance; you see the "vision" and thus stand transfixed. There are many who are not impressed with the abandon of peaks you will find there, bulging and tapering into the high arched walls above. They seem to be unable to rise above insignificant trivialities. They see no splendour. A mountain to them is only a huge pile of rocks, to raise blisters on your feet, and a blot on the landscape. To such people we extend our sympathy—having eyes to see, yet unable to understand.

There is something so clear and fresh about a mountain stream, that all other brooks seem sluggish beside it. Perhaps, it is the wildness of the setting—the rough ledge hundreds of feet high, over which it dashes; the trees which grow at its very edge, sometimes dislodged, then taking root a little way below; the log which lies across the falls, just where the splashing waters take their final leap, perhaps . . . I do not know. But this is sure; as we look at it, we do not see a river, but the heights from which it came; rough ledges, sky-shouldering, where mists, rain, storms, sleet, ice, snow and sunshine play eternally. Transfixed, you pause to bathe your eyes in this display of nature's handiwork, and the beautiful melody of a tumbling cascade becomes an everlasting affirmation of the heart.

Some years ago, with a friend, I spent two weeks in this region, back of "Sofa"—east of "Goathaunt"—north of "Citadel"—west of "Sleeping Indian"—and around the lost, withering peaks of "Sawtooth." We climbed from peak to peak, meandering through flowering carpeted valleys. It was sunset when we arrived in the midst of a great amphitheatre, and pitched camp by the side of icy and racing falls. It was sunset, one of infinite beauty. Later—I sat buttressed against a pine in the heart of that gorgeous scenery. Erosion had chiseled away an endless variety of towers—spires—castles—temples and minarets, and all shot through or bathed with every colour and combination of the spectrum. My mind fairly staggered. Clouds arose with billowing curtains of yellow and white, trimmed in delicate pink and purple. The staging was perfect; we could find no fault with the Divine Decorator. A flurry of rain, like the tears of stumbling, hurrying children, blew over the chasm, which filled my soul with ineffable glory. Then, out of the storm a rainbow appeared, like a banner of promise. With my companion, I found myself in the grip of a profound tearless emotion.

Remaining in and around there for several days, we found marks of ancient geology. Yes, there one reads the rocks down where the world began. He follows the plain marking of the ages; he ponders the theories of upheaval and

downsettling; of eon long erosion, and of sudden cataclysmic change. He traces the lines of gigantic slips and faults; fingers the fossils of life from pre-historic seas, and handles the charred and petrified fragments of coniferous forests that flourished long ago. Ever, he is pondering the eternal question—"when?" and "how?" Yes, there is much geology to be studied there.

And we found beauty. There, in the silent, brooding darkening glades, turreted with stark, gaunt pyramids, imagine, if you can, snow-banks and everlasting glaciers, with scented flowers growing close by, and down below great stretches of green pasture.

Imagine, further, two or three separate storms visibly raging at the same time, with clear bright stretches of distance intervening between them; and nearer, possibly a double rainbow arched downward into the great void.

Imagine, still further, as you gaze into the yawning canyons, flanked with the eternities of time, where the silence of centuries seem to brood, it is as though you were standing at the foot of the altar in the great cathedral of the Infinite; and welling up in your soul, comes again that everlasting affirmation of One who senses the mystery of Nature.

Imagine all this, I say, and then visualize anew, spread out beneath the unflawed turquoise of the Montana sky, and washed in the liquid gold of the Alberta sunshine; and if you can imagine hard enough, you may begin to have a faint and shadowy conception of this spot, where the scheme of Creation is turned upside down, and the very womb of the world is laid bare before your impious eyes. Yes, there in those mountain solitudes, known to so few, we found geology and beauty.

But, after all, a mountain is what you make of it, or are able to see in it. Your mountain is not mine—mine is not yours. They can never be the same. You do not see the colours I see—I do not see the shades and hues you see. Our sight is individually our own. We see what we have the

capacity to see, and nothing more. We look at a mountain, therefore, not only with our eyes, but with all our soul and heart and mind. We look with all our being, our æsthetic sense, past experience, our sense of the Infinite. A mountain is a veritable Judgment Day, plumbing the depth, breadth and height of our souls. Yet, the greatest treasure I brought back from that memorable excursion, was not the knowledge of geology or beauty, or mountaineering, but the supreme virtue of ownership. Yes, we, as Canadian citizens, own these mountains. They are a God-given heritage to us, our children, and our children's children.

The lowering peak of "Sofa"—the fascinating beauty of Triple Falls, unleashed with sparkling energy, dashing down Hell Roaring Canyon to subterranean depths below; the sombre "Sleeping Indian" domiciled as a bleak sentinel; "Crandell," with its natural stairway; "Cameron"—bidding fair to the gods, whose source is revealed and crystallized 'neath the tumbling labyrinth of icy mists and obscure clouds; "Goathaunt"—guarding well its secret of a miniature Lake Killarney, within a spacious and flowery base; "Lake Bertha"—a soulless name for so spiritual a spot; and Waterton Lake, itself, dotted with boats, festooned by arctic symbols, garnered with pines and balsams, nestling with rustic cottages and alpine chalets—all these are yours, now and forever.

Waterton Lakes Park offers to the botanist and lover of nature a vast field of exploration. Hidden beyond the ranges are many patches covered with innumerable specimens of floral grandeur. Luxurious forests of pine, spruce and balsam garnish the valleys and slopes with a perennial green. Wild flowers abound in colourful abundance, affording a never-failing interest to the artist and photographer. Hidden beyond the ranges are clusters of rare flora, of many choice varieties. Still farther in, the gleaming white Cupid sheds tears of happiness as the nearby glacial streams cascade to lower reaches. The proud white bear-grass stands erect, and nods a silent salute to the visitor; while the spiral fireweed adds a touch of crimson to the purple background. The ubiquitous "Indian paintbrush" retains the romance of by-gone days.

There is music in the air when one treads the flowery meads of the higher levels. An elusive humming vibrates through the eternal space, as each step desecrates the mosaic beauty of a century old pattern, woven by a designing artist. Unknown figures of crimson, scarlet and purple, abound at every bend of the trail. Wordsworth's "golden host of daffodils" always stand alone on the — "little nook of mountain ground"; and your glance will linger on the "saffron coat of bright gowan and marsh marigold, thronged with primroses o'er the steep rocks," and glitter at eventide with a passionate yearn.

Ye lovers of flowers, visit the Park, where you will find samples of exquisite radiance, blanched and shining, tinged with the effects of faultless beauty.

CHAPTER THREE

LEGEND AND FANCY

"Billy" was the name of my saddle horse, a roan gelding. I bought him from a Peigan Indian for twenty-five dollars. In temperament he was first cousin to the climate of Southern Alberta, very changeable. He kicked and bucked when expected to remain passive, and in the odd moment would roll (with saddle on his back), and then rear to almost perpendicular heights. Emery Legrandeur, the world's champion cowboy, once saw me bucked sky-high from the back of the erratic "Billy." Deeply embarrassed by such a display of "greenhorn" horsemanship, and while knocking the dust off my imported English breeches, Emery laconically remarked, "You're down on two points. Changed that d----- cayuse's name to 'Rocket' and don't let a western cayuse lead you to be a 'sky pilot!'" Yet, this same 'Billy' carried me to Waterton Lakes (then know colloquially as Kootenay Lakes) in the summer of 1905.

It was there that I first met "Kootenai" Brown. He was astride a horse; his long hair flying in the breeze. The Indians had long since given him the name of "Inuspi" - Long Hair - owing to this prolific growth, which characterized his personal appearance. The Y.M.C.A. Boys' camp established in the 1930's, adopted, at my suggestion, the official title "Camp Inuspi" as their Park headquarters.

"Whither bound?" he hailed. "Oh just to get an idea of the country," I replied. "It's a long way from nowhere," he answered, "stay and have a bite," which invitation I readily accepted. Such was the beginning of a long and permanent friendship with John George Brown, courtier of Royalty, cadet, adventurer, frontiersman, scout, explorer, mountaineer and gentleman. His Oxonian accent beguiled

me, as I was introduced to his wife, a Cree Indian. She was lovable at first sight, and this feeling grew and developed through a course of many years.

Kootenai was a lover of nature, and one of nature's gentlemen. After the "bite to eat," we rode together over mountain defiles and along the lake shore. Proudly he pointed to the barge which was hauling logs from the upper lake to the Hansen Mill on the river side.

Sofa Mountain, now known as Vimy Ridge (much to the annoyance of old timers) is the dominating peak as one enters the Park region. Pointing to its descriptive summit, he said, "Follow that draw to the east, and you can make the ascent on a saddle horse." Several years later I called his bluff, and the following year made the climb up the face of the mountain. Hidden under a sharp-edged rock on the very summit, a sardine can still rests in which a scroll containing the names of our party were inscribed on classic paper.

"Kootenai" Brown and "Waterton Lakes" are synonymous terms. What Kootenai was to Waterton, Waterton was to Kootenai. He was the pioneer, the prospector, the adventurer.

Probably, the first white man to set eyes on the wondrous beauty of this lake in the Rockies was Lieut. Thomas Blakiston. He was a member of the historic Palliser expedition sent out by the Imperial Government in 1857, to explore the western country for a route across the Canadian Rockies to the Pacific. The party traversed the passes from Athabasca to the International boundary, where a Commission was engaged in surveying the boundary line between Canada and the United States. On this occasion Blakiston named the lake "Waterton" in honour of Charles Waterton (1783-1865), English naturalist, and famous for his research in Indian lore and ornithology.

A mere decade later, along came another Englishman, John George Brown, according to legend, courtier of Royalty,

product of British Victorian culture, to whom goes the honour of founding Waterton Lakes National Park.

Brown was born in Ireland, September 13, 1839. The days of his youth have long since become surrounded with legendary romance. 'Tis said he was the privileged play-mate of the children of the Royal Household, one who later became His Majesty, Edward VII of England; the other H.R.H. Louise, Duchess of Argyle.

There is a local legend that he was born within the shadow of Balmoral Castle. An elusive destiny led him beyond dream's wildest fancies — events unheralded — and scenes never to be recorded. He came of the highest, yet fought with the lowest. His destined "Utopia" was a never-ending enigma.

Rumour of forgotten days speaks of a fistic encounter with a Prince of the Royal Blood, which resulted in a "bloody" princely nose. Allowing for his impetuosity and fiery temper of later years, a germ of truth may enhance the story of fancy into a fact of reality. Probably, as a disciplinary measure, at quite a tender age he was assigned to the Army.

Many years ago, W. McTait wrote about "Kootenai" as follows:

"BROWN! Yes, but there are many Browns in the early days of Southern Alberta.

"There was John at Pincher Creek and Jebb on the Belly River. Another Brown was known as "Diamond R" because his cattle brand was a diamond with an R. Then there was "Poker" Brown, who loved to shuffle cards, and "Bull" Brown, who owned 70 head of work steers.

"But before them all was the Brown then known as 'Kootenai' Brown.

"Of all the glorious band of cattle men that rode the plains of Western Canada when it was a wilderness, but few remain, and each year sees the number of these survivors of

an almost forgotten past, diminish. Soon they will all have passed over the Great Divide and only the imperishable record of their deeds will remain.

"John George Brown came in 1865, and because he traded with and spoke the language of the Kootenaie Indians, he was dubbed "Kootenaie" Brown. The spelling has since been changed to "Kootenai", and by this name he was known throughout the 51 years of his life in Western Canada.

"He was twice married; first to a half-breed woman in North Dakota, whose remains lie on the shore of Waterton Lake on the first homestead ever filed on in the far west; then to Chee-pay-tha-qua-ka-soon (The Blue Flash of Lightning), a Cree woman of no schooling but more than ordinary intelligence, who nursed and cared for the old man in his declining years. He called her 'Neech-e-moose', meaning "My loved one'.

"Brown spent two years in Cariboo gold fields, and crossing the Rockies in 1865 he had his first conflict with Indians at Seven Persons' Creek (near what is now Medicine Hat, Alberta). The same year he rode a horse from Wild Horse Creek (now Fort Steele) to Fort Garry, spending the winter with French half-breeds at Duck Lake, and pushing on to Fort Garry in the spring of 1866.

"From Fort Garry he went into Dakota where he was employed for years as scout and despatch rider for the U.S. government. Returning to Canada, he hunted buffalo with French half-breeds for several years. When the buffalo began disappearing he went into the wolfing business, and while 'wolfing' he squatted on what the surveyors many years after marked as Section 31, in Township 1, and Range 29, west of the 4th Meridian. Out of logs cut in the mountains, a house and a small stable were built and the first squatter in the southern part of the Western Canada plains began ranching and farming.

"What he experienced in 51 years in Western Canada would fill a book."

An interesting sidelight story about Kootenai, written by J. McCook, appeared in the "Ottawa Journal", Feb., 1950:

" 'Kootenai' Brown, they called him, and few knew his name was John George Brown. His career was lighted with gunfire in the lawless American West, with the wild passions of the gold rush, with the privations of the lonely mountain trail borne with indomitable spirit.

"Today, in the Mines and Resources Departmental National Parks Library, you can read his Journal in his scholarly handwriting; the phrases about commonplace events lighted with the scholarship of frontiersmen who kept Carlisle, Oliver Goldsmith, Tennyson on rickety shelves in his humble mountainous cabin.

" 'Kootenai', dead these 30 years, was one of the colourful characters of the early Canadian West. Unlike most of the others, he had left a written memorial of his later days and deeds in the journal he maintained as first guardian of the Waterton Lakes National Park in Southern Alberta.

"His background was Eton and Oxford. His education behind him, he was off to romantic India, an army officer. He did not stay long, but went wandering in search of adventure, confident in his skill as a dead shot, and with a tough skill in boxing. He was in San Francisco in the early 60's, ready to beat the card sharks and the thugs who tried to rob the frontiersmen on their way to and from the gold fields.

"With the others, he bought his mule and his grubstake, let his beard grow, buckled a six-shooter to his side, and pushed off into the mountains. In a few years he had wandered on to the Dakota Plains and then he turned north into the Canadian Rockies known to few. One story says he became involved in gunplay over a card game in the United States just before he headed north, but in the pioneer west wanderers were not asked too many questions.

"On a summer day, with a companion, he came through the Kootenais into the Waterton Lake country, with its long valleys, its towering peaks and its eternal quiet.

"'Kootenai' rested awhile. 'This is what I have seen in my dreams. This is the country for me,' he said.

"There were long years before 'Kootenai' became a Park guardian and an employee of distant Ottawa. There were days of Indian peril when the Blackfeet and their allies resented the white man's advance into their territory. He was there when the North West Mounted Police arrived in 1874, and he was their guide through the southern mountain passes.

"The time came when he could see smoke rising from settlers' shacks, and he began to make rendezvous with fire wardens from the United States, whose territory touched that he had under his care.

"Most of the time he and his family were alone, and the hours went easily as he pored over treasured books and copies, or composed poetry.

In his Journal, carefully guarded in the Ottawa library, is this verse in his handwriting:

To a Lady:

Oh sister mine by our bright star of birth,
Recall the tie that binds us on this earth,
Thy friendship's love is all that I dare claim,
A wreck upon life's stormy sea without a name.

"But it wasn't all poetry and high thoughts. In 1912 he formally wrote to the Parks Commissioner:

"Sir:

I have the honour to state that in reference to the fire pail asked for, it has been lost or stolen in the mountains.

"His Journal mentioned his patrols of up to 300 miles a month, some made on snowshoes. He faithfully inserts in his Journal copies of his letters asking for increased salary, and recounts his difficulties with the park employees, who thought they should work eight hours daily, while he insisted the rules that applied to civil services in offices did not cover them, and 10 hours was only a fair day.

"The old warrior straddled his horse and toured the country pleading with the ranchers to build fences to hold their cattle in winter.

"He reminded them that in 1911 nearly 4,000 cattle had drifted into the park area, and 2,000 died there, floundering in the deep snow and unable to escape narrow treed valleys.

"Perhaps he had forgotten the chips down poker games of his earlier life, but in any event he wanted more authority to check gambling among the tourists who visited the park.

"When Ottawa authorized a \$1.00 fee for campers at Waterton Lakes Park, 'Kootenai' did not like it. He protested the fee was onerous and unpopular.

"Among his last campaigns with his senior officials at Ottawa was that of a typewriter. He needed it to keep pace with growing flood of permits his office had to issue.

"His picture now hangs in Norlite Building in Ottawa, but there is no indication that 'Kootenai' ever visited his superiors in the national Capital, or even wanted to."

Michael Holland, 83-year-old pioneer of Pincher Creek, who oft-times accompanied Brown on his jaunts into the mountains, described him as "having long white hair, which rolled down the nape of his neck. No one knew his past, but he could quote Latin tags and lived on game. He taught me to throw a diamond hitch, and was quite a likeable man."

Malcolm D. Paterson of Lethbridge, quite recently wrote an essay on the life of "Kootenai", under the title of "Kootenai Brown - Adventurer Royal." To quote:

"When the airplane from the Lethbridge Aircraft Limited flew into Waterton the passengers must have excitedly commented on the natural beauty of this God-made wonderland. For here Mother Nature had taken and put her most treasured possessions; mountains of majestic splendour, lakes of unsurpassed beauty and clarity; rushing, tumbling mountain streams, not to mention the tall and stately monuments of

her perfection, the evergreen firs and pines. Yet there were flaws in what was once the perfect virgin domain of Nature herself. These flaws had been brought by man, such things as houses, hotels, theatres, dance-halls, and most of all the roads on which the tourists' automobiles travel. The automobiles, which are carelessly driven, could be and are a constant menace to Nature's children, the wildlife.

"As the passengers looked down on what is known as the Dardanelles, the path the water takes to pass between the Lower and Middle Lakes, they did not see an Indian squaw start clapping her hands and laughing.

"This Indian squaw was Nichemoos, a Cree Indian who had been the wife of Kootenai Brown. The reason for her glee was that with pride she remembered the prophecy that some day she would see aeroplanes fly over the Park. This prophecy and many others from the same origin have been fully realized.

" 'Who made these prophecies?' you ask. John George Brown, better known as Kootenai Brown, courtier of royalty, cadet, adventurer, frontiersman, scout, explorer, mountaineer, trader, rumoured bootlegger, and perfect gentleman, was the man who made these prophecies. He made the prophecies during the time he lived in Waterton Park, first as a trader and eventually as Park Warden which he was at the time of his death in July, 1916.

"There is a long trail to follow if we are to find out what Kootenai Brown was like. The best place to begin that trail would be with his birth. Well, John George Brown was born in Scotland, under the cool shade of Balmoral Castle, on the River Dee, west southwest of Aberdeen, on a bright and sunny summer morning in the Year of Our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-Nine.

"He was assigned to the army at a very early age, probably because of his tempestuous nature. Having gone to school at Eton and Oxford he had learned his lessons well

and was therefore a very learned fellow. As a result of his high intellect he rose in rank very quickly and before long he was a Lieutenant in the 8th Regiment of Foot.

"During the next few years John George Brown, Gentleman, was a great favourite at the Court. This favouritism was a result of his complete knowledge of his duties, his deferential manner, and good judgment. But, due to whispered rumours of an indiscreet love affair, he received his honorable discharge papers, and was sent at the age of 18 to far-off romantic, yet troublesome India.

"From this wonderful place of children's dreams, John George Brown was forced to make an undignified exit, leaving a fellow officer on a slab in the morgue, if they had such places in India at that time.

"Not a great deal is known about the time spent by John between his hurried departure from India and his entrance into this great land of ours. The part he entered was known as the North West Territories and later divided into the three Prairie Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. This much we do know, he came across the Pacific via a tramp steamer to South America where he worked on the Pony Express. After a time the climate and life of Spanish America became boring and his wandering soldier's feet carried him across the Isthmus of Panama to Sunny California. In San Francisco he was prepared to beat the professional gamblers at their own game, but before he got started, the call went out 'Gold! Gold! There's gold in them thar hills.' Like the majority of men at that time he bought a mule and grubstake, let his beard grow, buckled on his six shooter, and pushed off into the mountains to try his luck. Lady Luck did not give him a rich stake of gold, but in his wanderings he had seen the western half of the United States. Getting tired of being in republics and dictatorships, his true English heart told him that it was time to return to some of the soil belonging to the British Crown. On his way north it is rumoured that due to gunplay over a card game his 'urge' to set foot on Canadian soil became even greater. The 'urge'

still wore loin cloths about strong and powerful bronzed bodies and carried tomahawks and homemade bows and arrows, which could be used with deadly accuracy, especially when at close range on pinto colored mustangs. He entered Canada in British Columbia and moved into Alberta through the South Kootenay Pass.

"Having passed into Alberta he followed Lone and Blakiston Brooks down to the Dardanelles. When he saw the three lakes of deep indigo, hemmed in by evergreen clad mountains, he swore he would return some day to make this his home.

"In his own words he said, 'This is what I have seen in my dreams. This is the country for me.'

"Since the Indians were still hot on his trail he moved to the Prairies where the immense space of these plains swallowed him up.

"From the time of his first sighting of Waterton, John George Brown covered a lot of territory. In 1865 he made his way north to Fort Edmonton, from there across the country of the Blackfeet who were then on the rampage, then across the country of the Cree to Fort Garry. He left Fort Garry and went across the boundary into Minnesota where he met, fell in love with and married a beautiful French half-breed named Mary Delano. With his beloved he again traversed the plains back to his Utopia at Waterton. Here they spent twelve years of complete contentment. In 1881 his beloved partner died and he buried her on the west bank of the Lower Lake. Mary Delano Brown had given birth to two sons, both of whom died in early childhood.

"He left Waterton then and once again wandered the plains where he found a Cree squaw, Nichemoos, who in some measure consoled him and became his wife. Because he had taken an Indian woman to be his wife, let no man scoff, for drunk or sober, any man who made derogatory remarks about Nichemoos or his first wife, the half-breed Mary,

had to deal with the indignant wrath of Kootenai, who treated both his wives with all the courtesy and respect that any white man ever extended to his white wife.

"Having returned, Kootenai put up a permanent homestead and became a trader, trapper and guide. Most of the time now was spent happily with his family, meantime poring over his treasured books by the great authors, Shakespeare, Tennyson and others of the kind, which he had carried more than half way around the world.

"With this lull in Kootenai's life, it would be opportune to find out what the man himself was like in appearance. John George Brown was a slender and wiry six foot two youth, but as his numerous adventures took him along life's road his legs had been broken so many times that he shrunk to a mere five foot eight. Both legs swayed in the same direction and gave him a rather feeble look which caused many a man to under-estimate the enormous power that his body held. The Indians had given the name 'Inuspi' to this lover of Nature and one of her finest gentlemen; this because of his abundant growth of hair which characterized his appearance, the name meaning 'Long Hair.' The name Kootenai was given him as a result of his trading associations with, and complete mastery of the language of the Kootenai Indians. It had been said of him that if any man had done the things he wanted to and had attained success in the doing of them, Kootenai was that man.

"A tale is told of his devotion to his wife and his love of a practical joke. It seems Nichemoos took ill so he proceeded as speedily as possible to Macleod to secure medical aid. However, when he and the doctor returned some three days later, they entered the cabin to the sound of cheerful humming, Nichemoos having recovered during her husband's absence. Since the doctor could not start the return trip to Macleod on an empty stomach, and the good smell of a savory stew filled the cabin, it was not long before the doctor and Kootenai were sitting at the table doing justice to the meal

which Nichemoos had prepared against her husband's return. During the course of the meal Kootenai asked the doctor if the meat from a poisoned animal was edible. The doctor being completely professional, answered in the negative. Kootenai gave a gulp, and with a world of resignation in his manner said, 'Then, Doc, I guess you had better get your antidote ready, this bear was poisoned over on Sofa Mountain, just before I came to fetch you.'

"The doctor rose slowly from his chair, grabbed his hat from the peg, was out the door and headed for Macleod before many seconds had passed. The truth of the matter was that Kootenai believed and had proved his point before, that if the entrails of a poisoned animal were removed before the poison had reached the blood stream the meat would not be harmed."

Robert E. Gard, in his book, "Johnny Chinook" refers to Brown in graphic terms.

"Kootenai Brown, who was named by his parents, John George Brown, and was rumoured to be a son of Queen Victoria's John Brown of Scotland, first saw Waterton Lakes in the late 1860's. He was in a hurry at the time since he was being chased by a party of hostile Indians, but he paused long enough to appreciate the beauty of the spot. He made a vow that he would return to Waterton Lakes to live just as soon as he shook off the redskins. And he did return to establish a trading post at the "Dardanelles" between the Middle and Lower lakes. He brought with him a beautiful French half-breed girl as his wife; but not very long after they had arrived at Waterton the wife died. Later Kootenai brought to his cabin a young squaw of the Cree tribe named Chee-Nee-Pay-Tha-Quo-Ka-Soon (Flash of Blue Lightning) who was his faithful wife until his death in 1916.

"There are many, many folktales about Kootenai Brown. He was said to be an Oxford graduate and subsequently became army officer, convict, jailer, sailor, prospector, dispatch rider, interpreter, storekeeper, buffalo hunter, rancher, cow-puncher, gamewarden, park superintendent, and other things. He was certainly one of the first white men to cross the Cana-

dian plains by pack horse. He earned his name Kootenaie (afterwards changed to Kootenai) as a result of his trading activities and masterful command of the language of the Kootenaie Indians.

"He was a great tale-spinner, and one of the stories he was fond of telling was the saga of the discovery of oil in the mountains.

"Kootenai Brown was a noted pistol shot. Senator Dan Riley told me that one time he and his partner French Lafayette, wanted to see Kootenai's horses, so they all walked down the path toward the lake and Kootenai's corral. As they walked along, two prairie chickens jumped into the trail and ran along ahead. Kootenai pulled his six-shooter and shot the birds while they were running—first one, then the other—shooting their heads off. He was never seen without his gun, a Colt's 45.

"Kootenai is buried near Chief Mountain with his two wives. It is a fitting place for the sleep of a legendary figure; for Chief Mountain itself is rich in legends."

From a western background of tradition and culture, a member of the famous Macleod Clan, my friend of many years, Mary Dover, adds weight to the legendary figure.

"John George Brown was an Englishman, born in 1839. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. A man of amazing resources, he received his nickname from trading and associating with the Kootenai Indians.

"He was scholar, sailor, army officer, prospector, cow-puncher, buffalo hunter, and ultimately was a Park Superintendent for the Dominion Government.

"Brown joined the Imperial Army as a youth, as an ensign with the Queen's Lifeguards. He spent some time in India and South America, and found his way north to San Francisco in 1862.

"With three or four companions, in 1865, he made his way north searching for gold, and during that trip he saw

Waterton Lakes for the first time, and that glimpse was to decide his future home. In 1886 after sojourning at Fort Garry and other places, he returned to Waterton to squat on land later described as Section 31, Township 1, Range 29, West of the 4th Meridian.

"He cut logs; he built a cabin and stable, and began to cultivate some land. It was probably the first cultivation in Alberta excepting a little at Fort Edmonton. He made trips into the mountains, to Fort Garry, and to U.S. points, but always returned to the Lakes, and was the first white man to call it home. It was logical, therefore, that, when Waterton Lakes was declared a National Park, the frontiersman, Brown, was named the first Warden, and then acting Superintendent.

"He hunted buffalo, traded with the Indians, acted as interpreter, and was interested in cattle and oil. It is generally accepted that he found oil in 1901, with the aid of the Stoney Indians.

"He was helpful to prospectors, ranchers, and to the Mounted Police. Brown and his friend, Fred Kanouse, met Senator Cochrane who arrived in 1881 to look over ranching prospects, and later that year the Senator's first herd of 3,000 head arrived. The land comprising the famous Cochrane Ranch is now owned by the Church of Latter Day Saints.

"The Mounted Police arrived in 1874 and Kootenai Brown was of much assistance to them. He knew the Indians, the country and the climate.

"Brown was married twice. His first wife was a half-breed from North Dakota, his second a Cree squaw. He died in 1916, being survived by his second wife. All three are buried now on the shore of the Lower Lake at Waterton. Friends erected a stone cairn with tablet affixed in 1936."

Such was the legendary background of "Kootenai" Brown, which developed over a period of more than half a century. I often sat with him around camp fires, talked with him during a snack in his cabin, and we reminisced together while riding over mountain trails.

CHAPTER FOUR

FACTUAL REALITY

This legendary and romance, however, was rudely shaken by the realism of W. Rodney, who spent several summers as Publicity Officer at Waterton Lakes National Park. He was later a student at St. John's College, Cambridge. Mr. Rodney is much interested in Brown's historic background, and has been gathering material, and carrying on some research while in England. He wrote the following, which appeared in The Lethbridge Herald, February 28, 1952:

"There are many stories and legends about John George, better known as 'Kootenai' Brown, the colourful pioneer of the Waterton Lakes district. Many accounts have appeared in The Lethbridge Herald in past years, and most of the stories are too well known to residents of Southern Alberta to warrant repeating here. What apparently is not known, are the true facts of Brown's birth, his career in the British Army, and his subsequent travels and activities prior to settling down in what is now Waterton Lakes National Park. The following example illustrates the point.

"In an article written some years ago, G. Adelle Rackette wrote these lines:

" 'In Queen Victoria's garden on a sunny day in the late 1840's, a middle-aged man could be seen leading an amiable donkey laden with two heavy wicker baskets, and in each basket a happy child uttered shrieks of delight over the morning's fun. One of the children later became Edward VII of England, and the other, Louise, Duchess of Argyle.

'A third party in the morning's activities could often be seen peering through the tall bars of the gateway watching his father, John George Brown, Gentleman, as he performed his duties as Queen's Overseer, and companion to the Royal children. .

'The boy who was born in the shadow of Balmoral Castle, whose life was destined to reach both the heights and depths beyond a wanderer's wildest fancies, never dreamed that he would become a trusted member of the Royal Household, and a wandering squaw-man on the lonely reaches of Western Canada.'

"This is indeed the very stuff on which romantic fiction thrives. Unfortunately, it is only fiction.

"For one thing, John Brown (there is no record of a middle name in the entry of birth) Queen Victoria's faithful gillie, was never married. He was born on December 8, 1836, at Craithenaird farm in the parish of Craithie and Braemar, Aberdeenshire, and died of erysipelas at Windsor Castle on March 27th, 1883.

"Brown began his career as a stable boy to Sir Robert Gordon at Balmoral Castle, in August, 1842. The Royal couple, Victoria and Albert, visited Balmoral for the first time on September 8th, 1848. There was no mention of John Brown in Victoria's Journal until they visited Balmoral for the second time the following year. Then, in an entry dated September 11th, 1849, he was mentioned only as one of several attendants who accompanied the Royal pair on a day's outing. In an entry dated September 16th, 1850, Brown was listed for the second time in Victoria's diary as one of four Highlanders who rowed the Queen and Prince Consort on a boating trip on Loch Muich. When extracts of her diary were first published in 1868 under the title, 'Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands,' Victoria placed an asterisk beside Brown's name and added the following foot-note to the original entry of September 16th, 1950:

" 'The same (i.e. Brown) who, in 1858 became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands; who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently,

and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. . . . He has since (in December, 1865), most deservedly been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant.'

"Enough has been said to show that Queen Victoria's John Brown could not have been the father of Waterton's 'Kootenai' Brown. The question now is, who was John George 'Kootenai' Brown?

"Working back from the information listed on Brown's Commission Writ, now owned by Mr. Harwood, the former postmaster of Waterton Lakes, a preliminary search of the Returns of Officers' Services in the 8th Regiment at the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, London, reveals the following information. John George Brown was born on September 13, 1839, at Ennistemore (sic) i.e., Ennistymor, County Clare, Ireland. His father was Captain James Montague Brown, 93rd Regiment, who retired with the rank of Major (Honorary Colonel). Brown's grandfather was also a Captain in the British Army, showing that the family tradition was a military one. Brown followed that tradition when he was commissioned as an Ensign in the 8th Regiment on December 13th, 1857. Regimental records show that he served in India from September 1858, to September 1860. In November 1861, Brown retired from the Army by 'sale of commission' — a common practice in British services, until Cardwell's reform in 1871.

"At this point facts fade, and all of the colourful legends and tales of the Old West begin to take their place. Brown's reasons for retiring, the amount for which he sold his Commission, and to whom it was sold, have not yet been traced. What he did after he left the Army, where he travelled, and when he finally settled down in Southern Alberta remains obscure. Mrs. Rackette states that Brown arrived in Waterton in 1869, hotly pursued by hostile Indians; Marie Rose Smith, in an article in the 'Canadian Cattlemen', October, 1949, suggests that he left Fort Benton, Montana, around 1880 after killing a man in self-defence.

"What then are the facts? Only further research among primary sources can give an accurate definite picture of 'Kootenai' Brown, and indicate his place in the early history of Southern Alberta. Although the story so far does not show him consorting with Royalty in the romantic setting of old world castles, it is in its own way equally interesting. The real point of this investigation, however, is not to dispel the glamour of a colourful reputation, or to disparage Brown's character. It merely indicates the distortions and inaccuracies that can be, and have been associated with many of the early pioneers. More important, it underlines the great need for a careful preservation of all documents, diaries, letters—anything that will help to fill in the existing gaps, and to contribute to a more accurate, complete and interesting history of our Canadian West."

CHAPTER FIVE

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

And now to proceed with some obvious facts, yet distorted by lack of authenticity, which still glimmer with romance and mystery. Brown's Commission, which he so proudly showed to me more than forty years ago, is now in possession of my old friend, Arthur Harwood, of Victoria, B.C., who was for many years Justice of Peace, and Postmaster at Waterton Park, and is a most historic feature.

On December 13th, 1857, by command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, he was made Ensign of the 8th Regiment of Foot, with which regiment a few years later he was transferred to India as an Ensign in the British Army. Herewith, the official document concerning his appointment:

"Victoria M.

"Victoria, by Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith V.C.

"To our own Trusty and well beloved John George Brown,

"Gentlemen:-

"Greeting. We do by these Presents Constitute and appoint you to be Ensign to our Eighth Regiment of Foot—from the 13th of December, 1857. You therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Ensign—by exercising and well disciplining both the inferior Officers and Soldiers in the said Regiment and we do hereby Command them to Obey You as their Ensign—and You are to observe and follow such Orders and Directions from Time to Time as you shall receive from Us or any of your Superior

Officers According to the Rules and Discipline of War
in Pursuance of the Trust hereby imposed in You;

"Given at Our Court at St. James the Sixteenth
day of December, 1857, in the Twenty First Year of
our Reign.

"By Her Majesty's Command.

“(Sgd) Herbert

“T. Crofton,
General,
War Office,
“John George Brown, Gent.,
Ensign - 8th Foot.”

According to his own story, after leaving the Army in 1861, he became involved in serious personal feuds in India and the Far East. He then went to South America, where he was employed in a pony express service, and experienced many wild adventures. Tiring of life in Spanish America, he crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and proceeded up the Pacific Coast. For a time he was engaged as a deck hand on one of the Mississippi River stern-wheel boats.

Brown arrived in San Francisco in 1862, and in turn became cowboy, gold prospector, and soldier of fortune. In 1865, he made his way to Fort Edmonton, and moving south he saw the plains of a southern region covered with buffalo.

Then, with but a single companion and a few pack horses, he effected a most hazardous journey through the country of the Blackfeet (then the terrors of the plains) and later that of the Crees, nearly a thousand miles to Fort Garry, thence to Minnesota. In the latter State he met, fell in love with, and married a beautiful French-American girl, who accompanied him to his picturesque haunts at Waterton Park, and with whom he spent twelve years of wedded bliss.

"Here is a copy of the marriage certificate:

"This 20th day of September, 1869, whereas the dispensation of two publications granted to us, by the authority

received from His Lordship, Grace Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota. Whereas also the publication of one bann published during high mass of the marriage between John George Brown, son of John George Brown and of the late Ellen Fincane on the one part, and Olive Lyonais, minor, daughter of Joseph Lyonais and of the late Josephite Huney of this mission, on the other part, no impediment having been discovered, we the undersigned, Priest Missionaries of St. Josephs have received the mutual consent of the both contracting parties in the presence of Joseph Lyonais and of Thomas Cavanagh, and have given them the nuptial benediction.

“(Sgd) I. M. St. Lehlock, O.M.I.

“(Sgd) P. Lachelle, Pt.

“Eglise St. Joseph, Pembina Co., N.D.”

Three children were born of this union, one boy and two girls one of whom died in childhood, and was buried in the family plot by the lake-side. The other daughter, a Mrs. Bedore, is now living in Quebec. The boy, Leopold, was placed in the Convent School at St. Albert by the late Rev. Fr. Lacombe. In due course Leo married a school mate by the name of Justine Bellarose in the year 1899. This couple had five daughters, all of whom are still living—Ethel Desjerlis (widow); Bertha and Leonie, married and living in British Columbia; Edna and Florence, both married. The father, Leopold, died at Fort McMurray, November 29, 1916, and was buried there. The widow, Mrs. L. Brown (who kindly supplied me with these historic family events) married Joe Beaudry in 1921, of Prairie Echo, Alberta, a nephew of the late Rev. Fr. Beaudry, and now resides at the Metis Colony, thirty-five miles northeast of High Prairie.

In 1881 Brown lost his beloved partner whom he buried on the banks of the Lower Lake, and several years later consoled himself by taking a Cree Indian woman, Nichemoos, to whom he was legally married by Father Lacombe, at Fort Macleod.

A chance visit brought about their first meeting. Early one Spring morning, nobody knows exactly when, the Indian

girl, who became Mrs. Brown, left her prairie home in Saskatchewan to accompany her people on a trip to the mountains. They were going to visit relatives at Kennedy Creek, Montana, and trade with a white man named "Kootenai" Brown. When the party arrived at Brown's place, Waterton, he was so fascinated by the pretty Cree maiden that he offered to trade five cayuses for her on the spot. The offer was accepted.

A folk-tale relates that Brown also proved his shrewdness. After giving the Indians some fire-water, he staged a pony race, and won back his five cayuses. Thereupon he established a permanent homestead, and became a trader, trapper and guide to many famous international hunting parties traversing the mountains in pursuit of game. During the Second Riel Rebellion, he acted as a scout for the Rocky Mountain Rangers under Captain Stewart.

During the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Crow's Nest Pass, in the early 1880's, he was employed as packer for the contractors. Kootenai was always a very quick tempered man, and quick to take offence in a very convincing manner; in fact, had it not been for the timely intervention of P. C. B. Harvey, late Chief Superintendent of Dominion Parks, and at this time one of the engineers on the construction, there is no doubt that a certain cook would have met, possibly, an untimely end. Kootenai was en route to the camps with a pack train of provisions, one horse being packed with 200 pounds of beans, and 50 pounds of sugar. On his way, a passing branch or similar obstruction had evidently torn the sack, which had allowed the beans to escape in a small stream, leaving a trail of this article of food behind. Upon arriving at the camp the loss was discovered, and the cook, very unwisely, accused Kootenai of stealing the beans, and placing them away for future use for himself. Kootenai immediately went for his six-shooter, and no doubt the next few minutes would have been very interesting for the cook, had it not been for the timely arrival of Harvey, who had travelled behind along the same trail taken

by the pack outfit, and naturally had seen the long line of beans. Explanations were made and harmony restored, fortunately for the cook.

For many years he followed the business of guide in the vicinity of Waterton Lakes, during which time he conducted many prominent travellers through the mountains. Some very amusing experiences are related about these trips. Kootenai was a past master in the use of impolite language; he could express himself so eloquently that to hear him was barely offensive. On one occasion, Lord Latham, closely associated with the Oxley Ranche, and who in company with several members of the British House of Commons, was taking a trip through the Rockies, had engaged Kootenai to act as guide. According to arrangements, they were to meet at the mouth of the Blakiston valley, now in Waterton Lakes Park. On meeting, he found their party consisted of a number of cowboys, who were engaged as packers. Their equipment was not of the best; in any event not nearly satisfactory to an experienced man like Kootenai, who had no faith in a cowboy as a packer. Their picturesque attire no doubt appealed to Lord Latham and his party much more than their ability to throw a diamond hitch.

The following morning, when a start was about to be made, Kootenai, noting the greenhorn exhibitions of these men, undertook to show one particular novice how to throw a proper hitch. Grabbing the latigo strap, he gave it a yank so violently that the strap broke, and Kootenai's head came into violent contact with a rock on the ground. Slowly rising, and with a scornful look, he faced the packers and let loose a stream of violent epithets, expletives and questionable damnations, which have rarely been equalled. Then, for lack of wind, because one can hardly conceive Kootenai's vocabulary in this line becoming exhausted, he stopped, and Lord Latham, who had witnessed the scene, touched him on the shoulder, and said: "My deah Kootenai, would you mind repeating that fiery discourse—please?"

CHAPTER SIX

REMINISCENCES

Kootenai was a likable man, and was well informed on scientific, literary and religious subjects. His bookcases were replete with the ancient and modern classics. He was a great admirer of General Booth and the Salvation Army; and although an Anglican by baptism, he became a Theosophist by conviction in later years, and believed that he would return to this earth re-incarnated, he hoped, in the form of an eagle. One evening, in the summer of 1913, when seated around his campfire, he turned to me, and said: "When I have passed to the Sand Hills, I will be re-incarnated into the soul of an Eagle. The blue sky will become my domain; from there I will bid welcome to you and your Indians. These mountains are their sanctuary."

The whole setting of a campfire—sultry evening and genial company — created an atmosphere conducive to pioneer yarns and experiences, which he so eloquently portrayed.

Speaking from intimate knowledge and personal dealings with rugged men, wild cattle and western horses, he related many historic and interesting stories.

"I remember," he said, "the beginning of the stock industry in Western Canada. Some time in the early eighties, the buffalo disappeared. They were exterminated, ruthlessly slaughtered for their hides, and the Western plains were no longer profitable to the traders in hides. I have heard that fur traders in the United States sent men to Canada to burn the grass so the buffalo would not return there to breed. This is not so, but it is a fact that buffalo did not come into Canada from the other side as they once did. Of course, to my knowledge, there never was any great migration of buffalo as has been supposed.

"Well, with the disappearance of the buffalo, cattlemen began to use the prairies of Western Canada as ranging grounds. Senator Cochrane of Compton in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, was one of the very first- in fact was the first big rancher in what is now Southern Alberta. Major Walker was his manager, and the stock ranged between what is now the City of Calgary and the town of Cochrane. The town took its name from the Senator.

"Riding on the range one day, I met a man driving a buckboard and a team of bronchos. He began asking questions about grazing, and said: 'We're going to bring in several thousand head of cattle here. They ought to live where buffalo lived, and we should not need to feed them hay in a mild climate like this where you have so little snow.'

"I explained to the man, who proved to be Senator Cochrane himself, that this was a delusion; that buffalo ate grass close as sheep, right to the roots, and that when they ate a range down, they moved off to another range, travelling thousands of miles in a season. Then, too, a buffalo faces into a storm while the cow or steer goes with it regardless of where it leads. But the Senator knew better. He found, however, that the first winter he lost 50 per cent of his range stock on the range west of Calgary. They perished in the winter for lack of feed. I advised cutting hay for winter food, but he laughed at the suggestion.

"The next spring, the whole Cochrane herd was driven from the range at Calgary to the better range lying between the Waterton and Belly Rivers, and extending west right to the mountains and Waterton Lakes. But it was a bad move, for that year the season switched, and winter came to the south country in dead earnest. The Calgary district was open, and the south country was covered with several feet of snow. Around the edges of the little lakes dotting the Cochrane range, starving cattle plowed and stumbled, eagerly devouring every vestige of feed. Soon every bit of feed was gone, and a big bunch of cattle that had drifted into the Waterton

Lakes district was stuck. It looked as if they were going to perish, because it was not possible even to ride a saddle horse through the drifts.

"Frank Strong, of Macleod, heard of the predicament the Cochrane cattle were in, and his mind began to work. He came up to the ranch house, and an agreement was made with the manager that he was to get a thousand dollars if he could get the bunch out of the trap at the Lakes down to open range near Macleod. The offer was accepted, and Strong, taking a bunch of cow-ponies with him, rounded up about five hundred Indian cayuses, and jammed through the drifts towards the lakes. It took two days and a lot of hard work to get them there, but it opened a trail for the starving cattle, and they fairly rushed out to the open. It took only about a day to get them to the Peigan Reserve, where they stayed till a chinook came along and took away the snow.

"The Cochrane tract contained some 67,000 acres, most of which was bought for one dollar an acre. The first stone bungalow in Western Canada was built at the home ranch on the Belly River in 1895, and was occupied by Mr. James Wilson, who shortly after that became manager. Mr. Wilson is now Registrar of Brands at Medicine Hat. It is said that Wm. Cochrane, or 'Billy' as we called him, a son of Senator Cochrane, had the first automobile west of the Great Lakes. It was propelled by steam, and there is an interesting story about the cow-puncher trying to rope it one day when Billy was driving over the prairie. The Cochrane ranch sold out to the Mormon Church, and moved the cattle to range near Medicine Hat, eventually selling the cattle to P. Burns, or some other big buyer.

"I remember," Kootenai continued, "many of the old ranchers. They all came after I did, but I was pretty well into the mountains here, and did not come in contact with them except at the time of the annual roundup.

"I believe Joe MacFarlane of the old Pioneer Ranch, was the first to start near Macleod. I have heard it said that he milked cows and sold the milk and butter to the old Fort,

when the place was first started by the Mounted Police. In 1875, Lynch and Emerson brought in a bunch of heifers, which they sold to settlers coming into the country. Ed. Maunsell, whose cattle now range over the lease of the Peigan Indian Reservation, got his first start out of the bunch brought in by Lynch and Emerson. Robert Patterson and Bob Whitney, on the Belly and Old Man Rivers, were in early and both of them were formerly members of the Mounted Police.

"Among the big ranches the lead of the Cochrane Ranch Company was quickly followed by the North West Ranching Company. They came in about 1882. Then I think," said Kootenai, "the Walrond was started by Dr. McEachran of Montreal, with capital supplied by an Englishman, Sir John Walrond. Around '86 the Oxley came in. Their cattle ranged along the Kootenai (Waterton) and Old Man Rivers up into the Porcupine Hills west of Macleod. Jim Patterson was foreman, and always was a prominent figure at the roundup. He was afterwards stock inspector at Winnipeg. The principal owners of the Oxley were men named Hill and Latham. The affairs of the company were so badly managed that the manager, a man named Craig, wrote a book called 'Ranching with Lords and Commons,' which exposed the unbusiness-like methods of this Company. Dutch Fred afterwards bought a part of the ranch, and it finally got into the hands of George Pearson, who sold it a few years ago.

"Smaller ranches were owned by old Bill Oland, who located across the Kootenai River from Hill Spring, now a part of the Mormon Ranch; and by old John Smith on the Belly River, who owned the ranch afterwards worked by Jebb Brown and the Renfrew Ranch Company. Hatfield came later than these, and located between the branches of the Kootenai (Waterton) River in the Foothills. There were a number of others, notably the "4" and the Circle Ranch.

"It was figured that about this time there were about one hundred thousand head of cattle north of the international line. The majority of these had been trailed in from the other side, Montana, Wyoming and other far Western States.

About 7,000 head were brought over by the Powder River Ranching Company of Wyoming. They located farther east on Mosquito Creek and Little Bow River."

Kootenai remembered "The Hard Winter," and "The May snow-storm." "The hard winter was in '86 and '87. The country was full of cattle that had been driven in from Montana, Wyoming, and some even shipped by rail from Ontario. They were in bad condition; some of them very poor. It took cattle from Eastern Canada a long time to get used to bunch grass and open range, and in the fall of '86 these cattle were as poor as crows. The winter was very severe, and a large percentage of them perished. There were no fences at that time, and the 'dogies' (Cattlemen's name for eastern cattle) just drifted into coulees and over cutbanks, and piled on top of one another until hundreds of head were found dead after the storm had cleared way.

"Things went along very nicely till 1903, when what had been known as the 'May snowstorm' gave cattlemen another jolt. After a mild winter and a hot spring, a warm rain started in May, about the middle of the month. It turned colder during the night, and in the morning it was snowing heavily. I was living," he said, "on my first homestead then, and it usually snows harder in the foothills than out on the prairies in a storm of that kind. I said to Nichemoos, 'We are in for it this time; did you ever see the like of this?' And she began telling me about snowstorms she had experienced when travelling with her Indian tribe in the early days."

CHAPTER SEVEN

PARK HISTORY

On May 30, 1895, the Dominion Government took steps to reserve the forests around Waterton Lakes as a forest park reservation. On that date, acting upon a letter written by F. W. Godsall, rancher of the Cowley district, an order-in-council was passed setting aside the forest reserve, which later was made a National Park and enlarged, until today it covers more than 204 square miles, set about Upper and Lower Waterton Lakes, in all about 12 miles long, and dipping south into Glacier National Park in Montana.

Godsall was an idealist. His dreams and vision of Waterton as a national park sanctuary, had become vindicated by law. A remote forest reserve had been transformed overnight into a National Park.

Some years after, he and I were riding through the region; and speaking of the recent invasion (oil prospectors) within the Park area, he remarked: "Little did I think that oil and steam would catch up with God's handiwork." He was referring to his appeal to the government.

Bill Aldridge of Cardston, and his son, in the summer of 1898, were on a fishing trip. Camping overnight on Cameron Creek, somewhat north of the Park precincts, they discovered a heavy, smooth oil seepage at several points along the creek side. By means of gunny sacks and old blankets they soaked up the oil, which produced from ten to fifteen gallons per day. This was the first oil field struck in Western Canada. They transported the oil to Cardston and elsewhere, which was sold to merchants over a course of several years. Kootenai had long since known of this rendezvous of oil, as a band of wandering Stoney Indians had brought to him a sample, which they had found far up Arsetukati—Creek. In due course, the "Vancouver Coke and Coal Co." was formed,

ostensibly to drill for oil, which incorporated the Lineham Wells associates. The famous "South Sea Bubble" of 1740, was repeated in the "Oil City" boom. My wife, in company with numerous other people, invested their bank balances in this venture, which eventually proved to be a 'will-o'-the-wisp' adventure. Somehow or other, the oil failed to gush; nature became sleepy, and the Oil City Company, like the Arabs of old, struck their tents and abandoned their once apparently rich deposits. Like the Phoenix of ancient mythology, the first log residence built in the Park, arose from the ashes. "Oil City" boomed, faded and decayed.

In 1910, Brown was appointed Fishery Guardian and Forest Ranger of the Park, his title soon after being changed to Chief Ranger, and later to Park Warden, which position he held until his death on July 18th, 1916. Thus, unconsciously, owing to historic and unique circumstances, he passes into history as the founder and first Warden of Waterton Lakes Park.

He was very conscientious about his work as a Park Warden, and even just before his death when very feeble, it was not uncommon to see him out on patrol riding an old buckskin horse, clad in white angora chappys and Stetson hat, everything, in fact, except his long white hair, which he had cut off in the long ago.

CHAPTER EIGHT

NAME AND CHANGE

The name "Waterton Lakes Park" has no affinity with the glorious beauties of nature it represents. It is the most anemic title of all Canadian National Parks. "Banff", "Jasper", "Yoho", "Kootenay", "Glacier" are all terms of euphony and descriptive. There is something in the name. But the word "Waterton" is weak, insipid, and lacks the appeal of romance. The mystic background of the Indian is ignored, and tradition is not sustained. As terms and phrases are coined today, "Waterton" is wholly unsuitable for so majestic a spot of natural grandeur. The original name of "Kootenai" should have been retained. There is "Kootenai Creek", "Kootenai Pass", "Kootenai Peak", all within the confines of the Park area. And then comes the personal factor—"Kootenai Brown," who transformed it.

Spinning yarns one night in his tent, when Reynolds, ranger of Glacier Park, was present, Kootenai remarked quite philosophically, apropos of names and terms: "My Latin master always told us to give credence to the past; 'Experientia docet'—we learn by experience."

He often remarked quite facetiously of the inappropriate name designating the Park. Having established himself as a Westerner, he would favour a change of appellation, incorporating the mountainous grandeur of the location. "Modern officialism," he said, "ignored the wisdom of the ancients, and named it 'Waterton Park'."

"Kootenai", "Kainai", "Kutotose", "Mistekie", "Natos" or "Western" would have been more appropriate. The Indians owned it; Blakiston named it; Kootenai founded it; the fame of its namesake portrayed it, and we have inherited it. So much for a name!

Regarding common place names for points of scenic majestic grandeur, I share the resentment of my old friend, James W. Schultz, early pioneer and tribesman of the Blackfeet of Montana, one of the most correct and authentic writers of the ancient Blackfoot Confederacy. He spent most of his latter years in trying to resurrect the obliterated Indian names of valleys and peaks throughout the Park areas.

Likewise, with Mary Roberts Rinehart, whom I met in 1915, at the head of Waterton Lake, when she was a member of the famous Howard Eaton party. After making a three hundred mile trip through Glacier Park on horseback, she wrote in her extremely interesting book, "Through Glacier Park":

"Every peak, every butte, every river and lake of this country has been named by the Indians. The names are beautiful and romantic. The white man came, and not content with eliminating the Indians, he went farther and wiped out their history. To the mountains and lakes they attached their legends, which are their literature. Is there no way to stop this vandalism?"

The Iconoclast, official or otherwise, during several decades has wrought many changes in the nomenclature of original park name places.

The following, gleaned from ancient history, will vindicate my contention.

A few, very few of the many mountains and peaks in the Park have descriptive names, such as "The Cloudy Ridge," the formation of this ridge resembling the clouds; "Lakeview Ridge," named because of the splendid view of Waterton Lakes obtained from its summit; "Lone Mountain" and "Lost Mountain," are two isolated peaks, and quite distinctive for this reason; "Ruby Ridge," named for its carmine colour, which changes to a violet in certain light; and "Sofa Mountain," its top shaped like a sofa. Out of a total of close to thirty mountains and peaks in the Park, these few are the only existing names derived from their physical features.

There are a half dozen peaks bearing names closely connected with the Great War, and therefore of special interest, and quite fitting as a memorial to Canadian achievements in France. There is "Avion Ridge," named after Avion in France, which was taken by the Canadians in 1917; "Festubert Mountain," after a French village, where the Canadian troops fought; "Vimy Mountain," (formerly known as Sheep Mountain) named after Vimy Ridge, France, captured by the Canadian troops on April 9, 1917.

"The Dardanelles," for the straits between Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia; "Mt. Alderson" (formerly Bertha Mountain) after Lieut-General E. A. H. Alderson, who commanded the Canadian Expeditionary Forces in 1915-16; "Carthew Mountain," after William R. Carthew, (Lieut.) Dominion Land Surveyor, killed at Ypres in 1916.

Then there are no less than ten peaks and mountains named after some unknown, or at least unknown to the present day visitor, public engineer, astronomer, veterinary surgeon; in fact, almost anyone connected with boundary surveys in the past. While the work undertaken by these parties was, no doubt, of great benefit and value, yet why immortalize these, in many cases uninteresting names, by means of mountains, lakes and streams in a national park, and thereby sacrifice some old picturesque Indian name, or one expressive and descriptive of the place itself? It is quite possible that in a few instances, this recognition is warranted, but certainly not in every case.

"Anderson Peak", one of the loftiest and most rugged peaks, is named after S. Anderson, engineer and astronomer, with the Second Boundary Commission; "Blakiston Mountain," another outstanding and commanding peak, is named after T. Blakiston, who accompanied the famous Palliser party; "Bauerman Mountain", after H. B. Bauerman, geologist with the Boundary Commission; "Boswell Mountain," (known locally as Street Mountain) after Jack Street, oldtimer, who was killed in a snowslide on the face of the mountain many years

ago, and whose name has been sidetracked for a Mr. Boswell, who was the veterinary surgeon with a Boundary Commission.

"Cameronian Mountain," after D. H. Cameron, Boundary Commissioner, 1872. "Mt. Galway," so named after Lieut. Galway, Asst, Astronomer, British Boundary Comm., engineer. "Mt. Richards," (formerly called, and still known as the "Sleeping Indian Mountain," its eastern slope being a true and clear profile of an Indian face, and reminiscent of "Au-a-tut-so-ki"), and named after Admiral G. H. Richards, Boundary Commission. "Rowe Mountain," after Lieut. Rowe, an engineer. "The Wilson Range," after G. W. Wilson, engineer.

The balance of the peaks in the park include "Crandell Mountain," named after a Mr. E. H. Crandell, unknown locally, but who apparently worked in the mountains; and for this outstanding achievement the local name of "Bear Mountain" has been discarded. (E. H. Crandell was connected with early oil development on Cameron Creek. He died a few years ago in Calgary.) "Dungarvan Peak," descriptive, if one is Irish, which means a rough and broken mountain. "Glen-dowan Mountain," named after a mountain in Ireland by a Dominion Land Surveyor. "Lineham Peak," after John Lineham, oldtimer of Calgary, and who early explored this region, and, therefore, in this case the name is warranted. "Bellevue Hill," descriptive to a certain extent, as we believe it means excellent view, or something to that effect. "Newman Peak," after a Mr. Newman, naturalist.

This juggling of names of the mountains applies just as well to the lake and streams; and to the dozens of streams and lakes, only a very few have descriptive and interesting names, such as Lonesome Lake, Linnet Lake, Hell Roaring Canyon and Creek, Lone Brook, Maskinonge Lake, Cottonwood Creek, Crooked Creek, Crypt Pale, and the Bosphorus, formerly the Narrows; the balance bearing names after an unknown people, such as Bertha Lake and Creek, named after a casual tourist.

In many cases, local descriptive names have been ignored, such as "Blue Lake" as Crandell Lake; "Trail Creek" as Galway Creek; "Oil Creek" as Cameron Creek; "Pine Creek" as Dungarvan Creek; "Stoney Creek" as Sofa Creek, and "Seepage Creek" as Lineham Creek.

The remaining few points bearing names connected with Indian history, are "Akamina Pass," means Many Chiefs Highway; "Belly River," named by the Bloods, being of local geographic formation; "Kisheneena Mountain" and Creek are named after a branch of the Crow Tribe of Indians called the Kisheneenas; "Mokowan Butte," an Indian name for Belly, this ridge lying east of Belly River; "South Kootenai Pass," an historical pass named after the Kootenai Indians, who formerly inhabited the Waterton Lakes Country but were driven away by the Bloods, their enemies.

It would be far more appealing, historic and appropriate if we followed the example of Glacier Park, Montana. Just to glance at their map one can conjure up mental pictures of forest-clad mountains, deep blue lakes, roaring cataracts, high lofty peaks penetrating clouds, when one can see such names as the "Garden Wall," "Cataract Mountain," "Flattop Mountain," "Avalanche Peak," "Eaglehead Mountain," "Wolf tail Mountain," "Goathaunt Mountain" and "Hidden Lake."

Indian names are romantic and picturesque. A debt could be redeemed, with a chivalrous gesture, if the few remaining un-named peaks and valleys be not assigned to the proverbial John Doe and Bill Smith, but harken back to history and romance, and perpetuate the honoured names of "Potaina" (Flying Chief); "Mistakomita" (Mountain Horse); "Kainain" (Blood); "Stumiksauoton" (Bull Shields); "Kutuyis" (Sweet Grass), which are all euphonious and of high ranking prestige throughout the Park region.

CHAPTER NINE

ALPINE ADVENTURES

Mount Cleveland, the highest peak in the Peace Park, had long defied the onslaught of mankind. Holding its proud eminence of 10,438 feet above sea level, looking down with scorn on Goathaunt, a mere satellite to the right; Sawtooth, whose original five fingers have disintegrated during the past three decades into one mere thumb; Mount Citadel, in the background with its cathedral spire, emulating the sheer nobility of Cleveland, and taking second place with majestic grandeur, as a sycophant to its almighty peer; then Flattop, to the left, bidding a way to the alpinist who seeks new discoveries.

Sheer, massive and possessive, Cleveland holds sway over a veritable mile of gigantic parapets and stark gray pyramids, which creates a void through which the savage wind rushes with insensate abandon. Cold, gleaming glaciers melt and drop their smiling tears over trackless stairways and twisting ridges, into pine created lakes below. That alluring summit, piercing the southern skyline, cries with derision to the timid and weak-hearted, the daring challenge — "Mount me, if you can; match your strength against my towering height."

It was in the summer of 1914 when I first climbed Mount Cleveland. Reynolds, chief ranger of Glacier Park, told me the previous year, that he had blazed a trail from the creek to timber limit marking the mountain-side trail. Unfortunately, the last "Happy Hunting Grounds" had called him hence during the winter. Having reconnoitered for several days around the base, camping each night in the old lumber mill cabin, and mentally blazing a trail to the summit, I decided to make the climb on that now historic and fateful date, August 4. There was not a living soul within a ten mile area of the cabin. It was a lonely spot. Dark sombre pines cast

their eerie shadows over creek and canyon; the sibilant splash of mighty waters could be heard in the far distance. The ubiquitous marmot whistled his alarm on every approach. The grizzly stalked quite fearlessly, and the brown bear fled seeking safe sanctuary within the dark recesses of primitive spots. "Safety first" became my watch-word. In consequence of having spied out the land, I had asked a fellow pilgrim, "Billy O." to accompany me on the climb, for which I offered him a five dollar bill. Crushing the five spot in his hand, he turned and said: "Go ahead, lead the way and I will follow you to Hell's falls." We left the cabin at six o'clock on the morning of August 4; at one o'clock we were eating lunch on the summit of Cleveland. Reynolds had been faithful in his endeavour. We followed his blazes direct to the trip-up undergrowth; from there on we embarked on virgin territory. Looking upwards, our eyes encountered nothing but stark rocks, ice and snow. Yelling to Billy below, I shouted: "We will go straight up." His rejoinder echoed forth: "Go ahead, I am with you."

We ventured forth into a world of two colours; drab, bare rocks exposing their naked limitations, and the luminous glare of snow banks, narrowing and steepening, rising close to a jagged blue skyline. To the south, a gigantic amphitheatre appeared in view, empty and desolate and uncannily quiet. It was a place where the violence of storm would gather in fury. The mountain goat claimed it as a habitat, as we saw several resting quietly around the base of a precipitous turret. Climbing higher over melting snow and slippery rocks, stretching away to the north, a scene of majestic splendour brought us to a halt. The sound of falling waters became audible; and there, portrayed through the spray, framed like the silhouette of an ancient fortress, was a mighty stream of water falling hundreds of feet down the mountain side, causing the mists of an iridescent gleam to absorb and mingle with the penetrating shafts of a brilliant noon-day sun. We paused, lost in sheer wonderment. Spontaneously, I was led to remark: "The Cleveland cascade!" "You are sure right," was the laconic reply from Billy. (Some years later, I

camped overnight at the base of this majestic cascade.) Between these two arenas stands a cornice of turrets, clefts and vertical pinnacles. Boulders were large, and the canyons very deep. "Straight up," however, was our slogan. We climbed a precipitous, dry watercourse, where scarred rocks, doubtful declines and speculative routes had barred the way.

At last, standing there on the summit, elation, satisfaction, fascination, and the spirit of consummation, held us supreme. We stood on the top of the world, two lone individuals. I was lost in spiritual reverie, pondering over the Omnipotence of Divine Power. "Billy O." tersely remarked: "It sure is great." We lunched on bananas, canned tomatoes and sandwiches. Compared with the feasts and banquets partaken in the world's great cities, where innocuous platitudes are oft-times uttered, I was overwhelmed by the surrounding spiritual sanctity, the eloquence of silence, and the enormity of rarified space. It was good to be there. Such an experience ranks as a privileged landmark in one's career. We enjoyed a glorious luncheon, never to be forgotten. It was a beautiful calm day, not a cloud in sight. The deep azure blue sky circled a dome which receded in depth and height according to vista. A vast panorama, with an overwhelming complexity of detail, lay before us. Chaney glacier to the immediate right, from which the Belly River takes its source, lay glistening in a shapeless mass. Milky-like waters dashed over twisted rocks and deepening clefts, leaping into the placid lake below. On our left, stood gaunt forlorn peaks, apparently dead, sentinels of time bathed in a pall of shimmering unreality. To the front, stretching far to the east, was a riot of nature's handicraft. Lowering pinnacles and buttresses paved a way towards cornice, coulee and canyon, over which icy winds had passed, now seasoned by a lull of passive heat enshrouded with a peaceful stillness; waterfalls, lakes, distant patches of snow, pyramid-like evergreens, enclosing miniature pastures of verdant green.

Time was measured on the summit by the distillation of heat and cold, light and darkness, summer and winter. A more gorgeous spot was never created, a more lonely spot

never existed. We returned to the base by a different route, sliding (it appeared to us) through miles of shale and undergrowth. As twilight deepened, seated around a camp fire and feeling comfortably tired, an exchange of reactions was mutually enjoyed. Between sunrise and sunset, we had discovered a new world, wherein the forces of nature were wedded together in peace and harmony. Thrown together by a cataclysmic upheaval, the allegory of the "Lion and the Lamb" had been vindicated. Savage glacier, peaceful lake, frozen snow, limpid pools, bleak, bare and isolated turrets, sweet green pastures—the blinding whiteness of sun and snow—the bare austerity of outcropping rocks and gnarled towers. "Billy O." kept the fire alight. Meanwhile, I chanted the Jubilate, and recited the Twenty-Third Psalm, at the conclusion of which my sleepy companion said: "It sure was a great trip—let's roll in."

On two occasions, since my first initiation into the "Cleveland" mysteries, I have stood on its summit, first with my old friend, Lu Neilson, and her companion; but the last was an event of personal rapture.

It was late in the summer of 1927 when I spent with my son and several friends some ten days of climbing the lesser peaks adjacent to Mount Cleveland. We pitched camp overnight on a grassy slope beneath Shepherd Glacier. I had long desired to witness a sunrise beneath glaciers. Before bedding down, I planned accordingly. I awoke some time later, between the hours of darkness and dawn, and eagerly awaited the morning. Under the soaring peak of "Cleveland" I stood alone in wonderment. Words fail me to describe adequately the approaching scene. The orbits of constellation were in their courses. I saw the stars recede before the pillars of lambent fire that pierced the zenith. A thousand ragged peaks began to peer up from the abysmal darkness, each looking through the vapoury seas that filled the canyons, like an island on the wondrous deep. The bright scintillating rays of the morning sun lit up the many glaciers with resplendent lustre; and the numerous waterfalls toppled over a hundred

feet down the mountain side, causing the hue of a rainbow spray to mingle with the mists of early dawn.

Soon, the vapours of the night were lifted high upon shafts of rosy light. Thus, caught by the wings of the morning breeze, and swept away, a new day appeared, born amidst the chaos of mountain solitudes. A shimmering, trembling saffron light filled the whole valley. Lost in reverence, profound with emotion, inspired with a deeper faith, I turned my eyes to that lofty summit of "Cleveland" where neither hours, days, years, nor centuries, had eclipsed its primordial existence—yet another day had been born in "Peace, perfect Peace."

It was a living reality of a lovely, long cherished dream.

THE RENDEZVOUS - CAMERON LAKE

VIA

AKAMINA HIGHWAY

"A goddess, with the sky her diadem,
Her robes by nature's hand made verdant green,
Secluded from the restless haunts of men,
She reigns, within her own domain supreme—
Secure, throughout the endless march of days;
And, at her feet, divinely set apart,
A mirror lake, in worship and in praise,
Reflects her image in its trembling heart."

—G.A.R.

The word "AKAMINA" is one of soft euphony. It is comprised of two words from the Blackfoot language. "AKAI-YIN", "many"—and "NINAI", "chief". Thus, owing to a current colloquialism, the word "AKAMINA" has been coined from the two syllables mentioned.

Time was when this scenic highway loomed as a dream. At the turn of the century, Cameron Lake was a day's journey from Waterton Lakes. Time, ever progressive, has now reduced it to less than one brief hour.

Leaving the lake shore, the highway leads westward towards Cameron Creek Canyon, above the Falls, and connects with the old Oil City road about one mile north, from whence it follows up the valley to near Cameron Lake, and then swings towards the British Columbia-Alberta summit.

Cameron Lake—5547 feet above sea level—was our objective. The morning had been spent in hallowed and reverential associations. The weather was propitious—we were mentally receptive, and the excursion tantalizing and alluring. The ascent was made over a series of hairpin curves, which led to precipitous canyons, whereon nerves were only transcended by the sheer audacity of majestic

scenery, which commanded even the itinerant artist's attention. Light and shadows—reflections and brilliant rays, cast from the pines and balsams with feathery stances, gave a subdued aspect other than where the carboniferous stratus of mountain peaks, revealed and bathe in pure, naked sunshine, reared their bleak sentinels to heaven above. Mountain streams toppled effervescingly over defiles and slippery mountain ledges.

Every mile was an enchantment as the mountain ranges and towering peaks appeared to unfold.

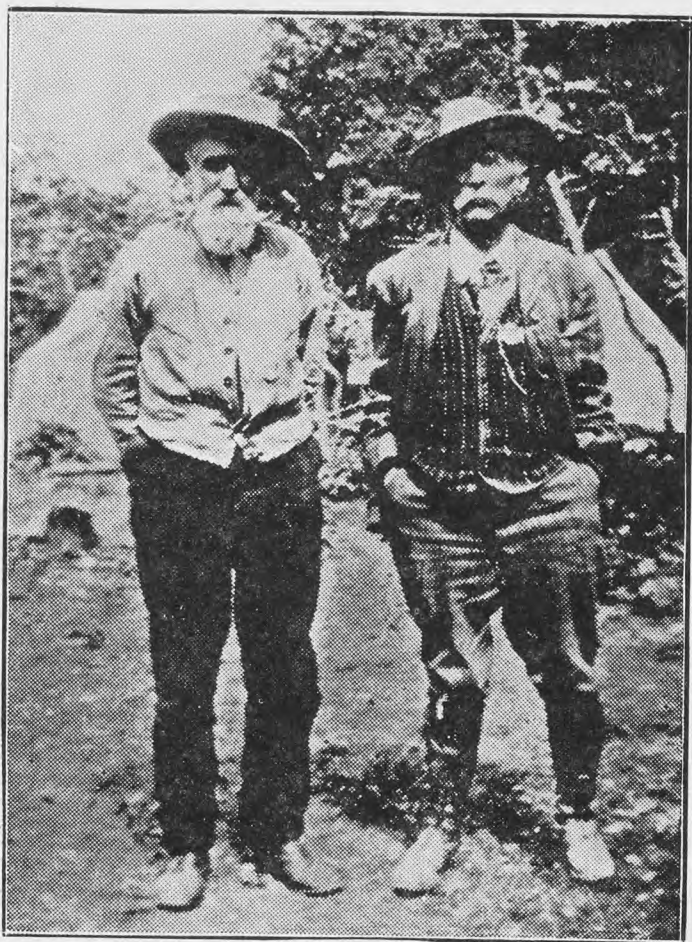
Akamina has created another viewpoint of soaring and lofty peaks, as Cameronian, Crandell, Carthew, Ruby Ridge and Forum Peak. Picturesque lakes, teaming with fish, were encountered. New scenes presented a vista of new glacial and sun-kissed regions, ever-widening into a panorama encompassed with a scintilla of shining ice—gray clad rocks and indigo pines. A deer bounded across the road; cirrus and nimbus clouds formed an ever-changing picture into the depths of a clear blue sky. Curves, undulating and receptive on a highly ascending road, brought us to an open vista of our journey's end—at the foot of secluded Cameron Lake.

What a beauty! Flanked by sombre evergreens on two sides, with perennial serrated glaciers hanging in the background! The lake was a mirror—not a ripple; sunshine warm and soothing; sunlit reflections cast an eerie setting; the waters deep and abiding, with the permanency of a tinge flecked with gold and indigo. We experienced an urge to encroach on its chastity—yea, fathom its deeper secrets—and add virtue to its virgin immaculateness.

In a boat we idled, and became insignificant to the allurements and repose of its beauty and grandeur. The sun had attained his zenith—shadows were gradually lengthening—a faint breeze whispered through the silent pines, bidding us au revoir or silent departure.

"Cameronia", you will always remain with us as a gem of seduction—Lake Louise in eclipse—Lake Helen Wilson in miniature. Fare-thee-well! Thoughts more abundant—life far increasing—ideals justified—inspiration enobled.

As the Psalmist of old, said: "It was good for us to go into the House of the Lord" — so it was infinitely better for us to make the pilgrimage and greet you—to know you and remember you in nature's divine transcendency.



Kootenai Brown (right) with Henry Reynolds (left), first Park Wardens of Waterton and Glacier National Parks respectively.

CHAPTER TEN

PROPHECY AND FINALE

Many of "Kootenai" Brown's prophecies made years ago regarding the Park, have been fully realized, and one in particular, the only regrettable feature being that he did not live to see its fulfilment. Many years ago he told his wife, Nichemoos, that she would yet see the day when aeroplanes would be flying over the mountains. This prophecy was realized some years later, when an aeroplane from the Lethbridge Aircraft Ltd., visited the Park and carried passengers over the Lakes. This was a great moment for Nichemoos, who was very excited and began clapping her hands and laughing, and referred with much pride to the prophecy which Kootenai made years ago.

His Cree wife, Nichemoos, died April 1, 1935, and was buried by the sloping shore of the Lower Lake.

There is still a great amount of interesting material available, which would give a more comprehensive history of "Kootenai." Such stories (and there are many) of his liking for the opposite sex, his love of horse racing, and partnership with Fred Kanouse; his famous shipment of contraband whisky, labelled "Holy Bibles," and his dreamlike official letters, have all been recorded, but have no value or bearing in this treatise.

During the summer of 1913, when camping in the Park, I rowed up the Lake in a flat bottomed boat to Reynold's cabin at Boundary Creek, where I stayed overnight. Seated around the camp fire, the Ranger remarked that geology recognized no boundaries, and that as the Lake lay in its glacial cirque, no man-made boundary could cleave the waters apart. "It would be better," he said, "To accept Nature's creation by removing the Boundary Line, and acknowledge one Park with

one Lake in its own territory." On my return, I mentioned the incident to "Kootenai." "Certainly," he remarked, "I have always maintained that the Lake cannot be divided, and should be either under Canadian or American control."

Had these two intrepid adventurers and pioneers lived only a few more years, they would have seen the practical consummation of their dreams and vision.

It was yesterday, as time goes, that Waterton was the special rendezvous of the favoured few. Camping parties would arrive bringing their provisions with them, as there was not a single store from which they could buy necessities. Saddle horses, buggy, democrat, and covered wagons were resplendent in the early days with primitive simplicity. There was a glamour which caught the imagination; a sense of freedom unrestrained, and a love for the great and alluring outdoors, making a holiday a real holy day in the midst of a glorious natural setting.

The following will give an idea of those earlier days, when Waterton was yet wearing the swaddling clothes of infancy.

"During July of 1911, six four-horse wagons left the Lower Agency with a party of 30-40 on board, headed for Waterton Lakes. It was made up of 22 school children, two clergymen, two newspapermen, one judge, three teachers, two farmers; and the rest of the party was made up of the wives and other relatives of those already mentioned. After a jolly three days' trip, the outfit pulled into Waterton Lakes and made camp on the site where the present Lake Shore Hotel now stands. There were only four houses in the Park at that time, three of them government buildings, and the fourth a small shack on the lake front belonging to Jack Hazzard. The number of visitors to the Park that year totalled 64.

"What a difference from the Waterton Park of today, and then! Last year there were as many as three thousand people in the Park in one day, and with fine weather this year promises to be better than ever. So far, according to the government register, over 700 people have visited the Park

this summer, and not including government property the number of residences today—fifty-two private residences; this, of course, does not include stores, business places, and tent houses, which would bring the total close to one hundred."

What a contrast! Until the days of the First World War, Waterton was a remote spot, far removed "from the madding crowd." With the advent of cars, came the demand for graded highways. Adventurous settlers built stores and cabins to accommodate the ever-increasing tourists. The Parks Department erected modern camp sites; private individuals increased their holdings. In the early twenties cottages and permanent buildings were fast appearing on every vacant lot. In the year 1927, the Great Northern Railway Company of St. Paul, Minnesota, who had long since established a chain of modern and luxurious chalets in the adjacent Glacier Park, commenced to build the famous international Prince of Wales Hotel, on the most daring and commanding site in the whole park region. Set on a high eminence overlooking the whole lake, the hotel stands as the gem of all mountain chalets. The view from the southern window is one of majestic splendour, and is not equalled anywhere.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police erected a detachment for the enforcement of law and order. The Anglican All Saints Church was built in 1927, and the Roman Catholics followed twenty years later.

During the early thirties, an orderly, modern community had been established, with domestic, commercial and departmental supervision in the ascendency.

The year 1947 produced a climax in both history and tourist recourse. An approximate 150,000 visitors registered at the port of entry, of which some 70,000 were American tourists; thus adding greatly to the significance of the international harmony and relationship.

This was surpassed during the summer of 1953, when 206,580 visitors registered at the Park gates, and about half that number were citizens of the United States.

As a crowning effort to imperial dignity, Waterton Park could not remain as a remote non-entity in a fast moving civilization. For many years past, the lake, which stretches several miles into the State of Montana, had been the means and avenue through which countless tourists had passed from one country to another. The national aspect of "Waterton" had been developed by "Kootenai" Brown and his successors; the international being promoted by Reynolds and Hockett; chief rangers of Glacier Park, Montana. Into this atmosphere of internationalism, in the summer of 1931, came a group of Rotarians from Montana and Alberta to hold a meeting at the Prince of Wales Hotel, and to consolidate the ideals of Rotary International. This was the first occasion on which the members of Alberta and Montana had met together in a club-like companionship. It was a happy gathering, and fraught with international significance.

During the meeting, many thoughts, visionary and realistic, were enunciated, the chief of which was the desire of creating a world-wide International Peace Movement. The idealistic feeling was eventually crystallized into definite action, by an officially accepted resolution, which made history and led to the creation of "Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park."

In the conception of an International Peace Park, lies a lofty and inspiring ideal. The music of running waters; the songs of birds; the delicate colouring of peak, lake and forest, have their response in the human heart, while the assembling and association of citizens of neighbouring countries, in an atmosphere of beauty such as that of the new International Peace Park, must inevitably strengthen a friendship which has stood the test of time.

Prophecy indeed—finale completed! On June 18, 1932, the Governments of the United States and Canada, openly proclaimed before a concourse of two thousand people at Glacier Park Hotel, that the two National Parks of Glacier and Waterton had now become legally and officially created by Act of Congress and Parliament, into one great area, under the appellation of Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park.

The whispering echoes of Kootenai and Reynolds were heard in the background; while C. Frank Steele replied with poetic realism:

Waterton and Glacier, lovers hand in hand,
Brows kissed by dawns, eager faces fanned
By winds attuned like some strange spirit choir,
Soft now with dreaming, rolling now with fire;
In these vast haunts of quietude
Men shall find rest, an healing interlude.
Here seasons come, grow old, and pass—
The snows, the vivid flowers, the browning grass;
Age finds sweet solace, youth a constant sign
Of Courage written in each rock and pine.
Here mighty glaciers send their floods away
South to the Gulf, northward to the Bay;
Here deep lakes call, Olympian mountains rise
To lave their peaks in liquid, lilac skies,
And canyons green are filled with friendly things
That still our petty fears and wonderings.
Here men of neighbour nations meet
To make the bond of fellowship complete;
And from this spot shall kinship's ties increase,
Blessing the land in this new birth of Peace.



Kootenai Brown Memorial Cairn dedicated July 8th, 1936

As a fitting memorial to such a colourful figure and personality, by the efforts of Magistrate Arthur Harwood, and the Rev. Canon S. H. Middleton, a Cairn was erected and dedicated on Sunday, July 8, 1936, when a public ceremony was held at which the Hon. W. L. Walsh, Lieut.-Governor of Alberta, unveiled the Cairn; His Lordship Dr. L. R. Sherman, Bishop of Calgary, dedicated it; the Rev. Canon Middleton, Rector of All Saints' Church, Waterton Park, conducted the Service. Appropriate addresses were delivered by Arthur Harwood, Superintendent H. Knight, the Hon. Senator W. A. Buchanan, and Russell H. Bennett. The Cairn has since become one of the notable shrines of the Park.

With the passing of John "Kootenai" Brown, one of the most daring and picturesque characters of the early west, has departed. For more than half a century the rugged mountains and lakes had been to him—a home. As long as Waterton Lakes Park exists, the name of "Kootenai" Brown will always be linked with it, as he was the man really instrumental in its founding and establishment.

I portray him as I knew him; a fearless adventurer; a stalwart pioneer; a rugged frontiersman, and a gentleman of culture and education.

He accepted Cromwell's dictum—"Paint me as I am." In that spirit was his devotion to truth's simplicity.

"He dwelt with the tribes, marsh and moor,
He sat at the board of kings;
He tasted the toil of the burdened slave,
And the joy that triumph brings.

"But whether to jungle or palace hall,
Or white walled tent he came,
He was brother to king, and soldier and slave,
His welcome was always the same."

(COPY)

NATIONAL PARKS
BRANCH

NATIONAL PARKS AND
HISTORIC SITES SERVICES

Department of Resources and Development

Ottawa, June 29, 1953

The Superintendent,
Waterton Lakes National Park,
Waterton Park, Alberta.

MANUSCRIPT DESCRIPTIVE OF JOHN GEORGE BROWN BY VENERABLE ARCHDEACON S. H. MIDDLETON

This will refer to your memorandum of June 20, 1953, with which was enclosed a copy of a letter addressed to you by Venerable Archdeacon S. H. Middleton of Fort Macleod, Alberta, and also a copy of a typewritten manuscript descriptive of the late John George (Kootenai) Brown.

As requested, the manuscript has been reviewed and it is observed that a considerable portion of the text is comprised of excerpts from articles, pamphlets, etc., written by other parties. Archdeacon Middleton appears to have undertaken considerable research in the matter and has produced a very interesting article. In the circumstances, there is no objection whatever as far as this Branch is concerned to its publication. . . . In explanation, I may say that the files of the Department contain no authentic references to Kootenai Brown's early life, including his educational and literary attainments.

While Park publications in the past have contained information that Brown was born in England and was an Eton and Oxford man, I am inclined to believe that these facts were accepted as part of the local legend. However, as a result of Mr. W. Rodney's research it would certainly appear that Brown was born in Ireland and that he was no relation whatever of the famous John Brown who served Queen

Victoria in the early years of her reign. Not all biographers of Brown are as flattering as those quoted by Archdeacon Middleton and the attached extract from an article written by Donald Buchanan of Lethbridge which appeared in the January, 1933, edition of the Canadian Geographic Journal may be of interest.

There are one or two points which I think might be drawn to Archdeacon Middleton's attention. At the bottom of the second page of the manuscript, Sofa Mountain is indicated as now being known as Vimy Ridge whereas elsewhere in the manuscript Vimy Ridge is stated to have been originally known as Sheep Mountain. As a matter of fact, the Park map still indicates the existence of Sofa Mountain, northeast of Vimy Peak and Ridge. On page 4 reference is made to Brown having been born in the shadow of Balmoral Castle, while later on in the manuscript Archdeacon Middleton brings out the fact that Brown actually was born in Ireland. Apparently those who have written articles on Kootenai Brown have perpetuated an error made by one of the earlier biographers.

An entry in Brown's journal for Monday, October 10, 1904, includes the following: "Birthday - 65 years old!" This information does not agree with that contained in Rodney's article to the effect that Brown was born on September 13, 1839.

J. R. B. Coleman, Chief.

*Extract from article "Waterton Lakes National Park"
by Donald Buchanan in January, 1933, issue of the
Canadian Geographical Journal.*

"The first permanent white settler was the now notorious "Kootenay" Brown. John George Brown was an Englishman and was reputed to be a graduate of Eton and Oxford. Adventure and the gold rush lured him to the west and, as the

tide of his fortune receded, he was left stranded in this isolated but beautiful land. Here, on the shores of what was then known as the "Kootenay" Lakes, he finally settled down and, marrying a squaw, became the resident lord of this foothill and mountain domain. Eventually, when the district was set aside as a reserve in 1895, he became a government warden and later he officiated as the first acting-superintendent of the park. When he died he was buried on a hillside above the lower Waterton Lake, where his grave, with its neatly marked white palings, is today visible to every chance passerby on the main highway. Recently a little side road was constructed down to his grave. How Brown, the old-timer who had seen better days, must chuckle in his mound of earth as he sees what a legendary hero, part scholar, part hunter, he has become in the eyes of the tourist!"



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